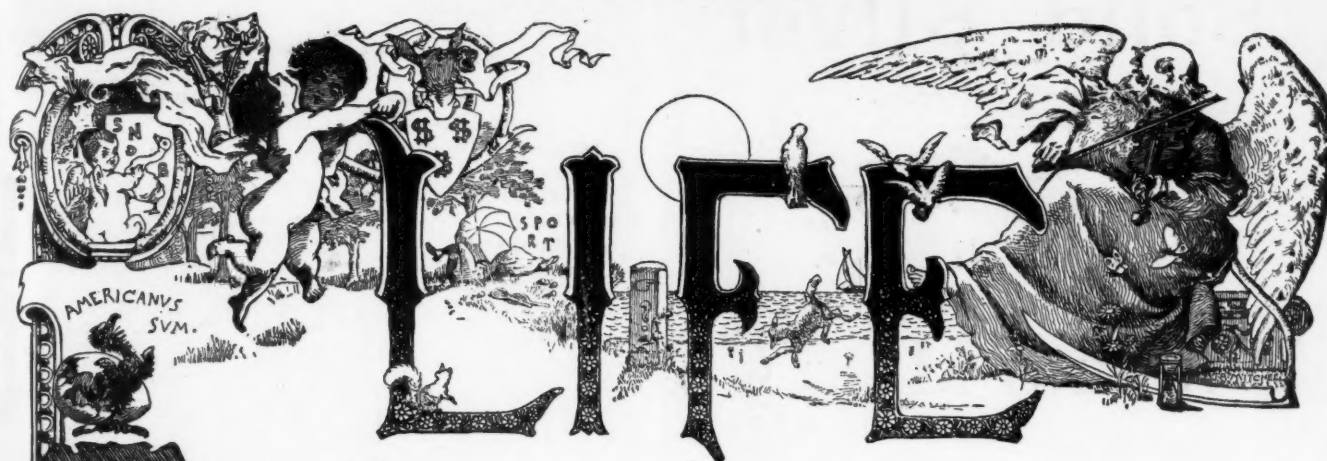


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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

"MAUDE, I AM GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING."

"YES, DEAR."

"NOW THAT I'M ENGAGED TO THE OLD THING, HE WANTS THE CEREMONY TO TAKE PLACE AT ONCE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

"MARRY HIM AS SOON AS YOU CAN, DARLING. HIS RELATIVES WILL HAVE HIM DECLARED INSANE AND SPOIL IT ALL IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL."

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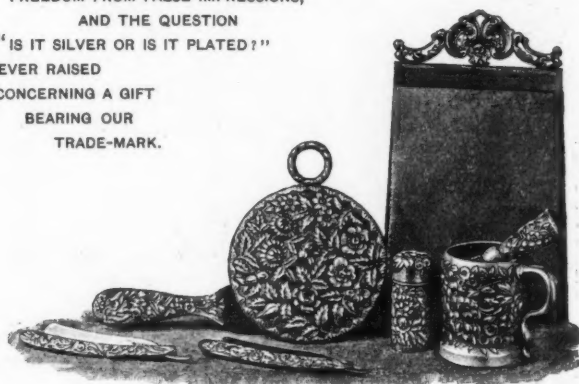
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ADAM AND EVE.

A COOK COUNTY ROMANCE.

PRIMUS: The woman I proposed to to-night declared that she loved me, but that she could never marry me as long as she lived.

SECUNDUS: That's queer. What's the trouble?

PRIMUS: Well, I was divorced from her once and she has scruples about marrying a man whose first wife is still living.

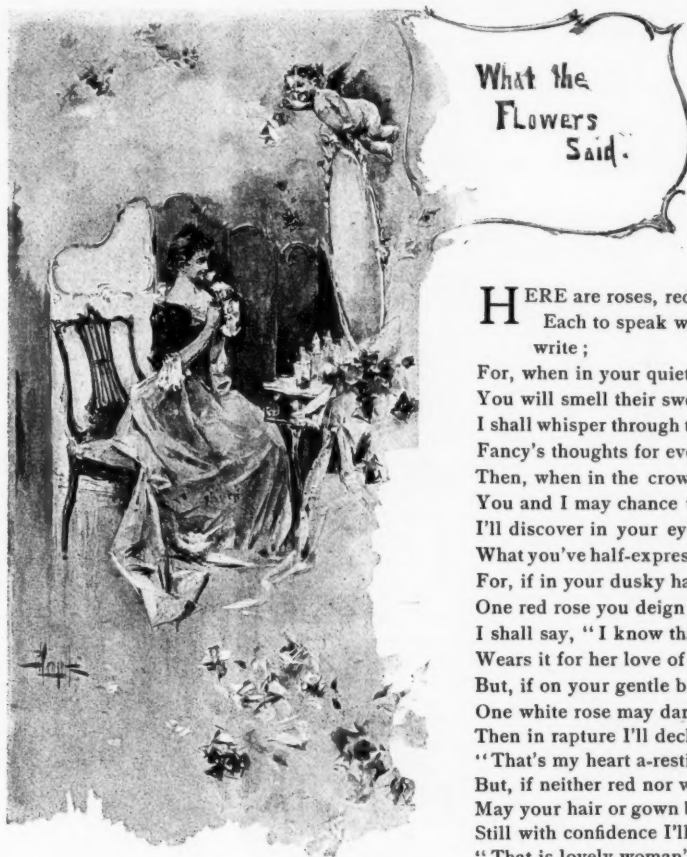
(From the Oshkosh Bludgeon).

—Jim Akers found a dynamite cartridge last week and wondered what it was. His friends are now wondering where he is.

"SAY, Tebe, said the elephant, "you're not in it this year."

"Why not?" asked the zebra.

"Blazers are not in style."



What the
Flowers
Said.

HERE are roses, red and white,
Each to speak what I would
write;

For, when in your quiet room
You will smell their sweet perfume,
I shall whisper through these flowers
Fancy's thoughts for evening hours.
Then, when in the crowded street
You and I may chance to meet,
I'll discover in your eyes
What you've half-expressed in sighs;
For, if in your dusky hair
One red rose you deign to wear,
I shall say, "I know that she
Wears it for her love of me."
But, if on your gentle breast
One white rose may dare to rest,
Then in rapture I'll declare,
"That's my heart a-resting there."
But, if neither red nor white
May your hair or gown bedight,
Still with confidence I'll say,
"That is lovely woman's way—

What of life is largest part
Hides she deepest in her heart!"

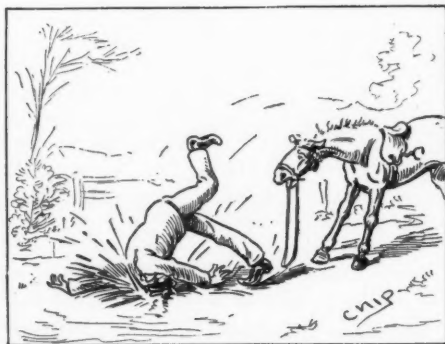
Droch.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.

"YES, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near.
The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around
me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I
hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John dear; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What!" said the dying man, jumping from his bed and flinging
the bootjack at the leader, "Have those scoundrels dared to come
round here when I am dying!" And he recovered.



A YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS WHEN HE IS WELL OFF.

UNCLE TOM (shaving): Yo', C'loe! Fotch'me some o' dat
babby powder to smooof mah face."

AUNT CHLOE (to her grandson): Chile, jest han' yo' ole
gran'fadder dat pot o' chimblly soot.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XX.

JULY 14, 1892.

No. 498.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

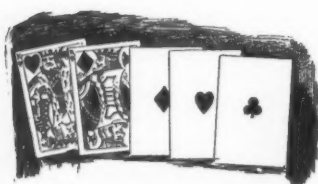
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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



ANOTHER Harvard Annex girl took the Sargent prize this year for translating an ode of Horace. The wonder about this recurrence is how the Annex maidens get that familiar knowledge of the genial side of life which enables them to return a true reflection of the Horatian spirit. It would seem, for instance, as if the melodies of Horace would come in a fuller flow from better disciplined swallows than those in the throats of the Annex. But possibly it happens that the Horatian tendencies of the generous youth of the neighboring university come sufficiently to the notice of the Annex dames to enable them to piece out their own experience by sympathetic observation. And so it may be that the male wards of Harvard did their share after all, and gave *sic vos non vobis* a new illustration in the process.



Bartholomew's in New York. Circumstances must be exceptional under which Mr. Vanderbilt's church cannot raise out any ecclesiastical aggregation in Boston.

IN a recent New York will contest a chiropodist testified that he had looked after the decedent's feet for two and a half years up to the time of her death, and that he never noticed anything peculiar or strange about her conversation.

To talk with the fingers is a familiar accomplishment, but there is something worth noting about this suggestion of an ability to converse with the toes. Orthoepey and orthopedy must have an unsuspected connection.



IT is true that the physicians who made the over-hasty autopsy on Mind-Reader Bishop have not yet been convicted of an unlawful act, but they have no particular reason to be proud of such vindication as the jury's disagreement gave them. Previousness in autopsies is something the laity have very little patience with, and previous Mr. Bishop's friends very obviously were, whether a jury finds them unlawfully so or not. A practice analogous to theirs in this case is that of undertakers, who are too apt to rush a gallon or two of embalming fluid into bodies from which the breath of life has barely escaped. It is better, to be sure, to be loaded with undertakers' stuff than to be buried alive, but every citizen is entitled to be permanently dead before the autopsicians, the enbalancers or the grave-diggers have their way with him. We die so seldom that we are in danger of missing some of our mortuary privileges for lack of practice in asserting them.



THE last lot of obituaries of Emin Pasha, some of which, imported by steamer from Europe, have recently enjoyed a belated publication far exceeding in romantic career all former efforts in his behalf. If Emin keeps on dying in Africa, a reasonably complete set of justice will eventually be done to his memory.

THE fact that the Rev. Thomas Dixon was not tried for libel need not especially encourage him or other clerical gentlemen to keep on calling names. Epithets are not very effectual helps to righteousness even in a newspaper, much less in the pulpit.



AFTER all it is a good deal of a chore to row an English crew, and Harvard is clearly entitled to shrug her shoulders and be as glad as she can that Yale has the job. Harvard had the beef at New London this year and Yale the know-how—a reversal of the conditions of the year before. If Yale, as this year's winner, rows Oxford in England, it should be stipulated that next year Oxford shall send a crew here and row the winner again in American waters. Yale's success this year should not necessarily subject her to the labor of meeting the Britishers two seasons running.



The Girls: WELL, HAVE YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND YET?
Cholly: NO; COULDN'T FIND THE BLASTED THING, YOU KNOW.

TO FLOAT ALONE.

TO float alone adown the stream,
 When rays of moonlight silver
 gleam

On paddle-blade, and glance and
 play,
 And light a path far down the bay;
 This is a pleasure fair, I deem.

To slip along and idly dream
 On things that are and things that
 seem;

Full often would I steal away
 To float alone.

But when my fortunes ill beseem
 And falls on me the colder beam
 Of bills long due, that I must pay,
 Then I must either steal away,
 Or float a loan.

J. T. Newcomb.

TIME TO LEAVE.

MR. WITHERBY: How
 long did Mr. Bangle stay
 the night that I wasn't home?

WITHERBY: Until half-past ten.

MRS. WITHERBY: Half-past
 ten! Why didn't he stay longer?

WITHERBY: Because I held
 four aces.



"AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."



OVERHEARD AT THE MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN.

She: DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVE GIVEN UP ACTING AND BECOME A PRESTIDIGITATEUR?

He: YES. IT'S MUCH SAFER. IF I EVER GET STRANDED IN A WESTERN TOWN I SHALL
 KNOW HOW TO TAKE TWO BOILED EGGS OUT OF A SILK HAT.



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NEW BOOKS.

THE DOWNFALL. By 'Emile Zola. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

On Calvary. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Rose Mather. By Mary J. Holmes. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. Volume V. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



HARD HIT.

Young Man: ARE YOU THE MAN WHAT TATTOOS?

Boatman: YES, MY LAD.

Y. M.: WELL, I WANT YOU TO PUT THE NAME OF LUCY ON MY ARM IN A HEART, AND MAKE THE HEART VERY LARGE!



DESIGN FOR NEW JERSEY COAST ARCHITECTURE.

A CANTERBURIED TALE.

(Recently dug up.)



"IN union there
ben strength,
my sonne,"

Ye dying warrior
sayd,
As he lay down to dye
upon

His harde and nar-
row bedde;

"And that I may make
straight and clear
Ye meaning of this
thing,

Giv heed to what I

shewe you here:—

Ye picture of a king!

A mighty king! Yet all alone,

His strength may not defie

Ye foemen whych assail his throne

And hange him up on high!

Here is a king of swarthy hue,

Attired for ye fyght,

Yet cunning foes may eke undo

His solitary might!

And this proud king, with curling lippe,

And this one—whych makes four—

Alone may let their kingdoms slip,

Alone they'll do no more!

Yet he who holds within one hande,

These four fatte kings, God wot!

Hath need of very lyttle sand,

To scoop the bloomin' pot!

Harry Romaine.



IDIOMATIC AND TRUTHFUL.

Ethel: I THOUGHT AT ONE TIME HE WAS GOING TO KISS ME, BUT FORTUNATELY SOME ONE CAME IN AND HE DIDN'T.

Estelle: YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE.

Ethel: IT WAS A TIGHT SQUEEZE!

RUN TO EARTH.

SHE: No. Papa forbids me to marry you.

HE: Why?

SHE: He objects to your family.

HE: Isn't it old enough?

SHE: I don't know. Superintendent Byrnes didn't learn the age of your wife and children.



AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

A PARADOX.

"HOW polished Mr. Smithers is in his manner."

"Yes—its rather queer about Smithers. One so polished as he has no right to be so abominably dull."

DENTAL.

SHE: What superb teeth she has!

HE: Yes, but they are false.

SHE: Why do you think so?

HE: She told my sister she inherited them from her mother.



"A LITTLE OFF SIR."



THE SAME OLD EVERLASTING
WITH THE COME ON PO



THE EVERLASTING STRUGGLE
THE OLD MAN ON POVERTY.

TWO KINDS.

O HER eyes, her beautiful eyes !
 How they melt when she sobs or
 she cries ;
 How they droop
 When she blushes,
 How they flash
 When she crushes
 The love she's compelled to disguise.
 O her i's, her beautiful i's,
 Who can tell them apart though he tries,
 From her m's
 Or her e's
 N's or u's
 As you please
 In her letters ? I offer a prize.

Tom Hall.

MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.



IN the first place Venus was a very pretty woman. She was also the mother of Cupid, the god of Love. The combination was naturally too much for her. When a pretty woman plays with Love, as Venus often did, something is likely to occur. In Venus's case it happened that she pricked herself with one of Cupid's arrows. This kind of vaccination always works, and the result was that Venus fell head over heels in love with the first man she happened to meet, namely, Adonis. Adonis was a good looking chap but a monomaniac on the subject of hunting. His spare moments were given over to cleaning guns, loading cartridges, and swapping lies with other hunters about the size and number of beasts he had killed, (or come pretty near killing), and he consequently had little time for love affairs. Venus repeatedly invited Adonis to dinner and sent him any number of useless embroidered game bags and gun cases, but all without effect. Finally she got in the habit of sending notes to his office asking him to meet her on the corner for just five minutes. At first Adonis used to go, but these demands became so frequent that finally he took refuge in sending word that that was his busy day and he couldn't leave the office.

Venus one day hit on a great scheme. She made Adonis promise to tell her whenever he was going hunting, and she arranged to come after him on these occasions and drive him to the station in her coupé. Then she would walk up and down the platform with him, clinging to his arm and snuggling her head on his shoulder until the train started.

"Now, darling," she would say under these circumstances, "please be careful. I don't see why you can't be content to shoot clay pigeons from traps as other sagacious hunters do. I wouldn't mind even if you went after reed-birds, but you



ADONIS DEPARTS FOR THE CHASE.

don't know how unhappy it makes me to think that some day you may be eaten up by a bear, or a fox, or a woodchuck, or something."

Adonis was saved the necessity of a reply by the conductor's shouting "All aboard for Peekskill and way stations!" Venus gazed after Adonis, who stood on the back platform carelessly lighting a cigar, until the tears came into her lustrous orbs, and then threw herself into her coupé in a paroxysm of weeping. Her convulsive sobs shook the coupé until one of the springs broke, and her tears utterly ruined the pink satin upholstery of her favorite conveyance.

Adonis did not have much luck that day. He had bagged three elephants and a brace of mugwumps, but found no traces of the grumwadgies he was looking for. He had turned to go home, when he heard a noise behind him. Turning quickly, he saw a large, yellow grumwadgy coming towards him with great leaps. Like all hunters, he knew that a grumwadgy's only vulnerable point is his left tonsil. Adonis let fly at this part with both barrels of his elephant-bore Winchester, but without arresting the progress of the furious beast. Then he drew his cutlass and stood on guard in tierce.* But it was too late. The grumwadgy inserted an eye-tooth in Adonis's aesophagus and shut off that young man's supply of oxygen for good and all.

When Venus received the news, she repaired to the station with the family undertaker, and it is said that to this day no young man ever had a finer funeral than the one which Venus provided for Adonis. The entire Volunteer Fire Department, of



UPON THE PLATFORM.

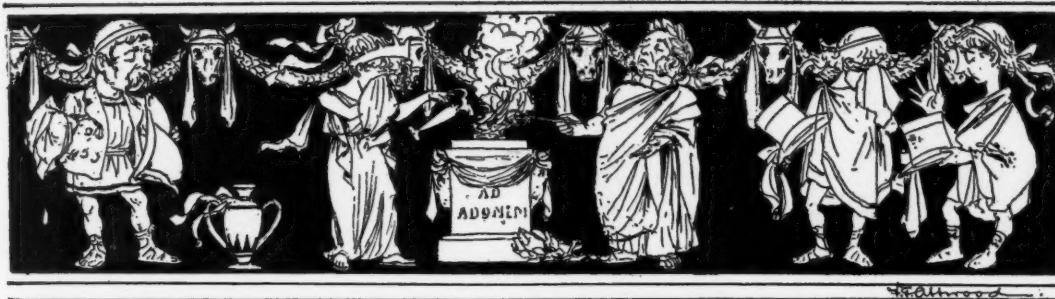
which he had been a member, turned out with their machines appropriately draped, and the members of his lodge of A. O. U. U. F. rode in carriages.

Venus put on half-mourning and accepted no invitations until after Easter. At her solicitation Jupiter permitted the soul of Adonis to be incorporated in the anemone or wind-

flower. Thereafter Venus always preferred anemones to Jack roses, although in the winter months the latter were often more expensive.

Metcalfe.

* For the benefit of the uninitiated, the author would state that this is neither bad spelling nor a pun. It is a term used by persons who fence, and is introduced to lend picturesqueness to an otherwise bald-headed narrative.

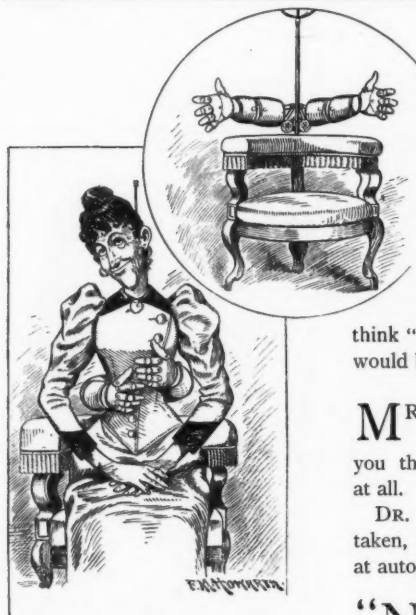


CHICAGO'S latest effort to send her special brand of culture to New York can hardly be considered a success. "Sinbad the Sailor," which enjoyed the rapturous applause of Chicago audiences during a long run, is a conglomeration of chestnutty dialogue, cribbed music, glaring scenic effects, and generous exposure of the Chicago ideal of feminine beauty. "Sinbad" is first rate for Chicago. It drops quite a distance below the New York standard, even for burlesque.

HEARD ON BROADWAY.

FLOPPER: What's the difference between a bill-board and a board-bill?

GILSON: Not very much; they are both inseparable adjuncts of the profession.



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A GOOD TITLE.

AUTHOR (to friend, who has just finished reading his MS.): Can you suggest a title for my story? Something appropriate.

HIS FRIEND: Well, judging by the way the characters are killed off in the last chapter, I think "The Undertakers' Paradise" would be as appropriate as any.

MRS. CILLY: You are a terrible man, Doctor. I believe you think women have no brains at all.

DR. SHARPEN: You are mistaken, madam; I have seen them at autopsies.

"NO, Mr. Gilgal," she said kindly, "I am sure I could never learn to love you."

"Oh, maybe you could," rejoined Gilgal cheerfully. "Never too old to learn, you know."

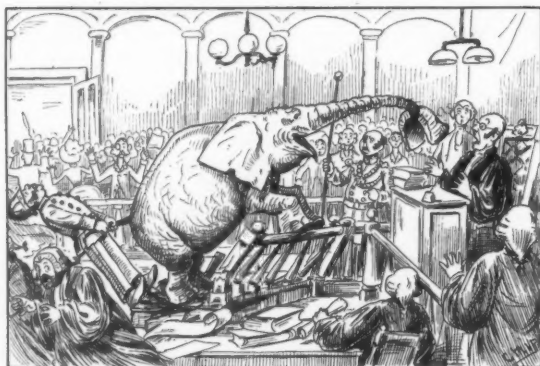


She: WHERE DID YOU GET ALL YOUR FUNNY STORIES?

He (modestly): OH, I STUDY HUMAN NATURE.

She: YES, I THOUGHT YOU TOOK THEM FROM "LIFE."

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



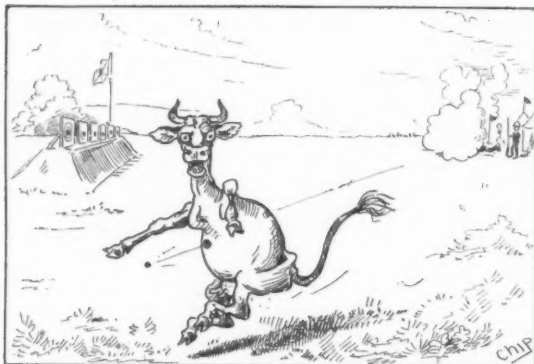
JULY 13, 1879.

A YOUNG ELEPHANT BROUGHT INTO COURT OF EXCHEQUER IN A SUIT FOR DAMAGES FOR FRIGHTENING A PONY AT ALEXANDRA PALACE.



JULY 14, 1868.

DYNAMITE FIRST TRIED AT MERSTHAN, WITH SUCCESS.



JULY 17, 1867.

SNIDER'S RIFLE REPORTED VERY SUCCESSFUL AT WIMBLEDON.

"KEEN scheme that of Harlow's," said Hicks. "Took his boy to church last Sunday—pinched him just before the collection and boy cried, so Harlow had to take him out. Saved his money."



TRAVELING IS EXPENSIVE.

Stingray Pete (a guide): YOU HAVE REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE MOUNTAIN AN' THE VIEW IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. (*After a pause.*) I SEEN A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL IN YOUR POCKET-BOOK, DIDN'T I?

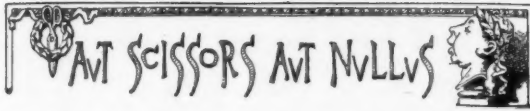
Traveler: DON'T MENTION IT, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DIDN'T INTEND TO GIVE YOU SO MUCH WHEN I STARTED, BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT; YOU KNOW YOUR OWN BUSINESS BEST. I'M ONLY FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS OUT, ANYHOW!

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.



THE "Evening Call" AND THE "Sunday Press."

• LIFE •



ONE day this week, Dr. P——, who had company to dinner, sat quietly chatting in a corner of the drawing-room, when he was told that a patient had come to see him, who was strongly recommended by some fellow-practitioners, and whose card was brought in by the page. The doctor submitted with a bad grace and stepped into his surgery.

The visitor was in an advanced stage of consumption. The bronchial tubes were in a deplorable condition, and the vocal chords nearly worn out. Our physician was in the habit of ascertaining the condition of the patient by asking him to count, and generally stopped him at thirty or thirty-five—quite long enough for the purpose. This time, also, Dr. P—— asked his patient to count. Time passed on, and the guests began to feel alarmed at his protracted absence. One of them opened the surgery door. Dr. P—— had gone to sleep in his armchair, and the patient had counted up to eight thousand six hundred and forty-two.—*Le Matin*.

MISS PINKERLY: You act as if you were uncomfortable, Mr. Tutter.

TUTTER: Yes, Miss Pinkerly; the fact is, I have never been able to get a dress suit to fit me.

MISS PINKERLY: Perhaps you don't get there early enough.—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

SHORTLY before his elevation to the Bench, a certain judge entered a Continental hotel, and asked who was staying there. Among others the "Duke of Blank" was mentioned. He slipped a sovereign into the hand of the head-waiter, and whispered:—"Put me at the table d'hôte next to the Duke of Blank." In the evening he found that he was placed at the other end of the room from the Duke, and called the head-waiter to explain.

"Well, sir," replied the official, "the fact is that the Duke gave me two sovereigns to put you as far from him as possible."—*Exchange*.

MUDGE: You don't find me wasting my time trying to get even with my enemies.

YABSLEY: No, indeed; you are too busy trying to get ahead of your friends.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"LITERATURE certainly runs in the Greensmith family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print, the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes novels that nobody will read."

"And what does the father write?"

"Oh, he writes cheques that nobody will cash."—*Exchange*.

"MISS FROLIQUE'S diamonds——" began the advance agent.

"Can't run that for less than seven dollars a line," interjected the dramatic editor.

"Aw, I wasn't goin' to give you any guff about their being stolen. I had just a rattling good story about how the gas went back on us up in Kalamazoo, and we had to use the sparklers for footlights. Perfect success, too. Does it go?"

It went.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"That excellent antiseptic. . . ."—*Medical Chronicle*, Baltimore.

Packer's Tar Soap,

"In which the well-known soothing and healing properties of Pine-tar are skillfully combined with Vegetable Oils and Glycerine."—*Medical Times*, New York.

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